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## FRERE CHARLES D'OGNISANTI.

The remarkable man whose likeness is given above, has been heard of by few of our readers. The cause was not that he was born in a distant quarter of the globe—it was not that his labours were few and unimportant; but it was because he only came to this part of the world on an errand of

humanity. Had he been a warrior,—could he have boasted, as the Cossack did who was thirty years ago the guest of the lord mayor of London, that he held in his hand a spear with which he had killed a score or two of his fellow-creatures, he would have been the subject of general conversation, and his prowess and his person would have

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been minutely described in all the papers of the day.

D'Ognisanti is a monk of Mount Carmel, near Acre, "now for British valour far more famed," than for the pious exercises of the holy fraternity to which he belongs. His character is eminently amiable, and his life such as bespeaks him duly penetrated with those solemn reflections which the scene in which it has been his lot to move was so well fitted to inspire.

Mount Carmel has been celebrated and revered by all Christian worshippers, as having been the residence of the prophet Elijah, who is said to have inhabited a cave, which is shown, before he was called upon to leave earth in the fiery chariot for heaven. Notwithstanding the foolish rildry of Paine, who facetiously supposed his mantle to have been made of salamander's wool, as if He who gave nature her laws could not command them, here many pilgrims resort to contemplate with holy admiration the spot on which he dwelt, who was so largely favoured by his God. It was here, too, that he called fire from heaven to consume the accepted sacrifice, and overwhelmed with confusion the idolatrous Israelites and the priests of Baal. The site of the garden of the prophet is still pointed out to the curious visitor.

A chapel stands on the summit of the mountain—a hospice is erected near it, and it was to seek funds in aid of the benevolent institution, that the subject of this notice came to our neighbourhood. Well does the establishment for which D'Ognisanti solicited, deserve support from Christians of every persuasion.

The hospice offers a place of refuge to the pilgrim, the merchant, or the traveller, to whatever country he belong, and whatever faith he may profess. The Christian, the Mahometan, or the Jew, has only to knock at the door, and food, clothing, and lodging, are at his command. It is enough to know that he is in distress, and he may repose there some days.

To enlarge the sphere of its utility, to gain new supplies in aid of its benevolent objects, D'Ognisanti arrived in Paris the year before last. He was about forty-five years of age, of middling stature, with an agreeable countenance, but a black bushy beard. He wore a three-cornered hat and a brown robe. Neatness and simplicity were the characteristics of his dress. It was his ambition to tread in the footsteps of his predecessor, John Baptiste Cazini, who formed the institution and laid the first stone of the building in 1828, and subsequently visited Constantinople, Egypt, France, Naples, Spain, and England, pleading its cause. The benevolent efforts of D'Ognisanti were successful with many

affluent and influential bodies, and through his generous labours it may reasonably be hoped that an asylum in the wilderness will long be open to the fainting wanderer who reaches Mount Carmel.

### THE DUKE OF NORMANDY.

The gentleman who has been some years known to the public as the Duke of Normandy, died lately in Holland, whither he had gone to submit some of his inventions to the Dutch government. His friends express fears that he was unfairly dealt with, and that his end was accelerated by some one who wished to extinguish his claim to be regarded as a member of the French royal family.

That his claim was well-founded, has not met with much credit in this country. He represented himself to be the son of Louis XVI, who was reported to have died in the Temple. In person, he certainly bore a strong resemblance to that unfortunate monarch; and it is known that the lady who had had the Dauphin under her care till he was six or seven years of age, introduced to the Duke of Normandy forty-three years afterwards, though at first she supposed him to be an impostor, was eventually, from facts of which he reminded her, persuaded that he was indeed the prince he represented himself to be.

By both branches of the Bourbons he was disowned. The Orleans family could not recognise him without admitting his claims to the throne: the elder branch, he always stated, would have suffered in a pecuniary way by the loss of some of their estates, if the proofs of his birth, which he offered to lay before them, were acknowledged.

Brought up as a mechanic, he certainly possessed much ingenuity. Some rockets were displayed a few years ago of his invention. These seemed to be capable of great execution in war. He declared, that from the shores of England he could throw rockets into Paris and destroy the city; or he could give them a more limited range, and cause them to descend upon any town he might name in that direction. His belief was, that he should render war so destructive, that for the time to come all the world would, with one mind, be content to remain at peace.

*A Passion for Bleeding.*—Blindness prevails to a great extent in Spain. According to Peyron, this is caused by their extravagant fondness for bleeding. Every barber there is accustomed to bleed, as our barber-surgeons used to do in England.

## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The Queen of England has condescended to become the patroness of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. What will be the effect of this? Will it check the course of those cruel sports which have heretofore found favour with those who moved in the highest circles, or will it accomplish what moralists and divines have failed to achieve, and render pity for the inferior members of creation not unfashionable?

Too little attention has hitherto been given to this subject by the public generally; and without intending to be cruel, they have thoughtlessly applauded exhibitions which could only be furnished at a great expense of animal suffering. Lions and tigers cannot be subdued so as to play off the antics extorted from them of late years at the theatre, but by great severities. The dancing dogs at Sadlers' Wells, some sixty years ago, amused the inhabitants of the suburbs, and greatly served the manager. Very amusing dog-dramas were contrived, in which the canine performers acted with great applause. The cry indeed was, that "if the dogs had not gone to Sadlers' Wells, Sadlers' Wells must have gone to the dogs." Still the entertainment was considered only fitted for the then semi-rustic population of Islington and Hoxton; and for them it was judged so completely to have worn itself out, that in half a century no effort has been made to revive it. At Drury Lane theatre, however, a wonderful display of animal intelligence has been witnessed within the last few years. Lions, panthers, and leopards,—goats, dogs, and monkeys,—performed dramas in which they sustained the principal characters. It is amusing to see monkeys acting with the politeness of fashionable men and women, and dogs representing soldiers; but we fear the means used to produce such results, those who denounce cruelty to animals, must regard with pain and disgust.

The difficulty of interfering in such cases is great; and it may be doubted whether any better remedy can be supplied than that which public taste, influenced by the considerations here thrown out, may administer. Many years ago, a foreigner exhibited a group of cats as musicians. They were fantastically dressed. Their fore-paws were attached to small desks, on which open music-books were seen. Their tails were confined in a wooden instrument, which the showman could tighten at his pleasure. When the concert was to commence, the screw was turned, and the agonies of the cats, expressed at the same moment in discordant howlings, furnished a strange burlesque on music, which, toge-

ther with their grotesque appearance, caused some of the thoughtless visitors to laugh; but the cruelty used was deemed intolerable, and the exhibition voted unfit to amuse a civilized people. In our more polished times, we have been invited to a spectacle quite as cruel and absurd,—that furnished by what the proprietor was pleased to term "the Industrious Fleas." This person edified the town by attaching a flea by some adhesive composition to a stick, and in like manner a tiny resemblance of a sword to its mandibles, and then forsooth called it "the Duke of Wellington." Other fleas, tortured in the same way, have been called "Bonaparte" and various nicknames; and the struggles of the tiny martyrs thus enthralled, have been put off on an enlightened public as the *industry* of fleas. If a long pin were thrust through the bodies of a dozen blue bottles, and the pin named after the stone-pillar near London Bridge, the public might with equal propriety be invited to admire the voluntary labours of "the Industrious Flies engaged in running away with the Monument."

The sentimental qualms of those who object altogether to the destruction of animal life, cannot be respected. If man have a right to live himself, he has a right to sustain his own existence by taking what is necessary to his sustenance. Were he to renounce the flesh of animals as food, their skins as clothing, and hold that he might not avail himself of them for use or for ornament, their condition would be little improved. From their increasing numbers, they must soon perish by famine, or fall a prey to each other; and in either case their sufferings would often exceed those inflicted by the butcher's knife.

But because animals cannot be spared altogether, and treated as the equal of man, it ought not to be assumed that they have no rights at all, or that their sufferings are beneath notice. It is not worth while to speculate on the notion of Pythagorus, or to discuss the merits of his doctrine of the metempsychosis. Whether the spirit which now animates man, may hereafter be confined in a brute form, or constitute the life of a plant, we stop not to enquire; nor will we yield to his touching appeal not to slaughter the ox, our labourer, who has ploughed our fields. We devote the brute to death, but not to a cruel death. From the necessities of his condition, man has an undoubted right to slaughter animals for his own comfort and support; he has no authority to torture them in wantonness or to gratify an idle curiosity. Man is a responsible being, who has a right to use for his own preservation the powers confided to him; but reason ought to admonish him not to abuse them.

Civilisation seeks to reclaim man from the errors of savage life. That this has been accomplished to a considerable extent in our country, we are happy to remark. It has been proved by the horror and distaste universally expressed on reading the accounts of the queen having been present at a scene of wholesale slaughter in Germany. Forty-eight or fifty timid stags were driven into an enclosure whence escape was almost impossible, and there shot at by Prince Albert and other noble personages for nearly two hours, when, their throats having been first cut, the mangled carcases were made to form a lane through which her majesty and the high personages with her walked, affecting to admire a spectacle from which taste would recoil with loathing, and pity avoid in tears.

The knights of old displayed their courage in presence of courtly ladies, by tilting at other knights in the tournament. It remained for the gallantry and courage of the nobles of our time to make ladies of high degree witnesses of the heartless barbarity to which they are equal. While the horrors of the slaughter-house were exhibiting, seated in a splendid marquee, the brilliant company were from time to time entertained with merry tunes performed by the military band in attendance.

After this, we do not know but our queen may shortly accept an invitation from queen Isabella to witness a Spanish bull-fight.

If such a taste is to be cultivated, we may shortly have some rival exhibitions at home. A year or two hence, we shall perhaps find in the papers of the day a report to the following effect:

"Yesterday being the day appointed by her majesty for entertaining her royal visitors with a display of English courage, the extensive and commodious premises of Mr. Banister, the queen's butcher at Windsor, were tastefully fitted up for the occasion, and a crowd of eager spectators attended to witness the proceedings. At one o'clock the august party entered the box prepared for them. 'God save the Queen' was admirably performed by a band of marrow-bones and cleavers. The amusements of the day then commenced. A noble ox, which had first been hamstringed, was introduced, being securely haltered. The head of the animal was drawn down to a strong post inserted in the ground. Prince Albert then raised a pole-axe which had been presented to him by Mr. Banister, and proceeded to tuck up his sleeves. The business-like air with which this was done, caused a murmur of admiration to run through the whole assembly. His royal highness raised the ponderous weapon, and struck a lusty blow, which demolished one eye of the victim, and caused the animal

to roar with pain. Undismayed by his writhings and struggles to break loose, the prince struck the brute again; and a third attack brought him groaning to the ground. The band then struck up 'See the conquering hero comes,' and Mr. Banister attended with his knife to cut the animal's throat, for the amusement of her majesty, her royal visitors, and the noble ladies in attendance. Twelve other oxen were thus dispatched within the hour, by the prince and his royal relatives, after which the sheep-killing commenced. The animals were driven into the enclosure, when their legs were tied by the assistants, and forty were stabbed by the illustrious sportsmen. The Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal slaughtered each a pet lamb with great dexterity, and the brilliant party withdrew, highly gratified with the morning's entertainment."

Preposterous as this reads, ere long something equally revolting to common sense may meet the eye as news, if our rulers are to be accustomed to such dismal spectacles as have lately been got up for their gratification. We have no right to dictate to our neighbours what course they shall pursue; but every Englishman who is alive to the honour of his sovereign must feel humbled, when he finds the sanction of her presence given to such cold barbarities as those described. Hateful in themselves, they seem in an extraordinary degree unmeet to be brought before the eyes of a British lady, a young queen, who has, to set an example to her people, become the patroness of a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Surely in this there is some inconsistency.

#### HANDSOME CORPSES.

"One would not sure look frightful when one's dead." *Pope.*

Perishable as we know our mortal frames to be, many of the sons of Adam feel extreme anxiety to preserve something of "this heaven-moulded frame," even after time or accident shall have terminated existence. We often hear of the vanities of life: a few remarks may be hazarded on the vanities of death.

For centuries, it was one of the high privileges of the rulers of this land, and their royal relatives, to be eviscerated, have their bodies embalmed, and their bowels placed in an urn, to stand at the foot of the coffin. The effect of this was certainly to preserve them from becoming utterly shapeless and unlike what they had been. Thomas Beaufort, duke of Exeter, half-brother to Richard II, was found, when his tomb was opened in 1772,

undecayed. Edward I, who died in 1307, was discovered, May 2, 1774, by some inquisitive antiquarians, to be in the same state; and Edward IV, committed to the ground in 1483, was found tolerably perfect in March, 1789.

But what is such preservation worth? Is it better to remain an object frightful to behold, as each of these were, than to waste away altogether? The wish of Cyrus, to be permitted to mingle with his mother earth, seems more rational. Who can look on the mummies of the Egyptian monarchs, and envy them the felicity of furnishing the fearful spectacle their ghastly and discoloured bodies furnish in the British Museum?

In Ireland, the lower classes do not claim to be embalmed, but they manifest a strange anxiety about their funeral and personal appearance after death.

To have a well-attended funeral (says a writer on the present state of Ireland), to be a "handsome corpse," and, above all, to be attended with their own kindred, are objects of the highest ambition. Those who are totally regardless of the decencies of life, hold the decencies of death in such estimation, that to procure a good coffin, grave clothes, and the wherewithal for a "creditable wake," they will undergo the greatest privations. I have known a poor woman pawn her only flannel petticoat on a bitter winter's day, to procure a meal for her starving children reduced to pinching want, rather than entrench on the sacred hoard kept carefully for the funeral expenses. Some there are who keep their coffin at the head of their bed for years, and old persons have generally some good clothes stored up to "dress their corpses in." An old woman applied to us for an under garment, and having received one, together with a cap, exclaimed, in the greatest joy, "Oh! such linen, fit for a lady; and a cap with elegant frills to it, bordered all round. The likes of them are much too grand for a creature like me to wear. I'll keep them for the day of my death, and they'll look beautiful at the wake." "But," we remonstrated, "they were not given you for that. They are meant to make you comfortable while you are alive, and you must wear them now." "And not have a decent rag to cover me in the coffin! Ladies dear!" she added, in the most appealing tone, "shure now you wouldn't be so unreasonable." But we were "onreasonable," and insisted on the garments being worn; suggesting, however, as a mitigation of the case, that as the old woman was so far advanced in years, they might possibly last long enough to answer the double purpose. This was a bright and happy thought on our parts, and our old friend departed, expressing a fervent

wish that she might die before such "elegant clothes" were worn. When I was a child, we had a house carpenter named Murphy, a very faithful creature, but one to whom the French saying, *ses qualités surpassent ses charmes*, applied most strongly. He was a most ugly man—big-headed, hard-featured, and forbidding looking. His person was distorted, from having fallen off a high ladder in his youth, which had injured his spine and legs, and made him a cripple for life. In short, to any one not accustomed to his appearance as we were, he must have looked something monstrous. One morning poor Murphy came limping up with a most rueful countenance, complaining of feeling very ill with "pains in every bone in his body, and such an impression on his heart (the lower orders always call chest affections by this name), that he could scarcely draw his breath." He had evidently caught a violent cold. Various remedies were proposed, and he seemed greatly comforted by the prospect of approaching relief. My dear mother recommended a warm plaster to his chest, and gave him one to put on. He looked very suspiciously at it. "This is a warming plaster, ma'am; is it?" "Yes; a very good thing for your oppression." "May be so. Would it hurt a body, now?" "Oh, no; you will find it very comfortable, on the contrary." "Thank you, ma'am; but will you tell me, would it leave any mark behind it?" "It reddens the skin a little; that's all." "Ah! that's what I misdoubted all along, from the looks of it. I'm greatly obliged to you, ma'am, and thank you kindly, every bit as much as if I had made use of it. But (returning the plaster), I wouldn't put this on for the world; no, not if it was to save my life. I wouldn't put a mark or a sign on myself for all the gold you could give me, or do anything that would hinder me from making a handsome corpse, please God; and that's what I'd be if I was to die this night, without speck, or spot, or any such thing upon my whole skin." And no argument could induce poor Murphy, unsightly and crippled, and ill-favoured as he was, to run the risk of spoiling a "handsome (!) corpse" by applying the warm plaster.

Compared with this, the weakness of the fine lady, whose command, "Betty, give this cheek a little red," has often amused us, was trifling in the extreme. That care for the appearance of the perishing clay cannot be exchanged for useful anxiety that the recollections of its actions while alive should be agreeable, is matter of regret, as that must at once render life more fruitful of happiness, and death less appalling.

## EXPLOSION OF A BOMB-SHELL.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

A few weeks ago there was an accidental explosion of a bomb-shell in Charlton-street, New York. And as I chanced to be at the spot but a few moments after the explosion, I will give you a description of the terrific scene, as it met my eye. I was sitting in my house, about a quarter of a mile from the place of the explosion, at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the whole house was shaken by the report of apparently the heaviest piece of artillery. I was just preparing to go down in town; and, taking an omnibus, soon saw a multitude of men and boys running towards Charlton-street. In a moment more a crowd came around the corner of Charlton-street into Hudson-street, bearing the body of a well-dressed man, upon a window-shutter. They crossed the street directly by the omnibus, and I observed that the whole back side of the head was blown off, and the blood and brains were dripping down upon the shutter. Perceiving indications of great excitement in the rapidly gathering crowd, and hearing exclamations of "explosion," "terrible explosion," &c., I left the omnibus to learn the cause of the disaster. Entering Charlton-street, guided by hundreds who were rushing to that point from all quarters, I observed on both sides of the street, for a little distance, that the windows were entirely demolished, the frames in many places blown in, doors shattered, and holes blown actually through the sides of houses. In one place, forty rods, I should judge, from the spot where the explosion took place, a hole was blown through the front of a frame-house, large enough for a man to enter. Upon the side walk, in front of a shop of old iron, lay in disorder some thirty or forty rusty bomb-shells, about eight inches in diameter. It was said by the crowd that a man had one of these between his knees, endeavouring to loosen the charge with a stick, when it exploded, producing this scene of destruction and carnage. The body of this man was torn to pieces, and scattered in fragments through the streets. Observing a crowd gathered around an object in the street at a little distance, I approached it, and saw, apparently, a large piece of butcher's meat, which a boy was pushing about with his foot. On examining it, it proved to be the lower portion of a man's leg, with the crushed bones, and mangled flesh. "The other leg," said a bystander, "was blown over into Hudson-street." A crowd was collected round a window-sill, gazing at some object. It was a man's hand, the fingers burnt and crushed, and blackened, having been torn from the body, and thrown with violence against the brick

wall. The mangled trunk of the unfortunate man, headless and limbless, had been carried into the house, and the shrieks of his wife were heard over the bloody remains. Upon an iron window frame lay the torn and bloody body of another man. A fragment of the shell had torn away one half of his head. He was dead. His blood and brains were dripping down upon the pavement, and a day-labourer had his thumb and finger upon his eyes, to close them for ever. Two young men who happened to be passing by in the middle of the street were literally blown up into the air, and fell with broken and mangled limbs upon the pavement. They both died, I believe, the next day. In the street lay a horse dead, and it was singular that he also had the whole of the back of his head torn off by a fragment of the shell. A beautiful wagon to which he was attached was also demolished, the spokes of the wheels broken, and the vehicle almost torn to pieces.

Such was the devastation produced by the explosion of one single shell. And yet this shell did but perform its function. It was made for this very purpose—to destroy property and life. It was made to be thrown into the crowded streets of a city, there to explode, and blow up houses, and tear limb from limb. This was the function of the instrument. And this is war. To throw such missiles as these into the crowded streets of a city, is the business of war. As I looked upon this scene, and witnessed its carnage and woe, and reflected that it was the work of one single shell, and then reflected upon the consternation and horror which must be produced by raining down a shower of these shells upon a city, crushing their way through the roofs of houses, exploding in the chambers of the dying, or in parlours where mothers, and daughters, and infant children are gathered in terror; never did I so deeply feel before the horrors,—the unmitigated iniquity of war; never before did I so deeply feel that it was the duty of every one who has a voice to speak, or a pen with which to write, to devote all his influence to promote the abolition of this fiend-like work.

When Napoleon, with his blood-stained army, arrived before the walls of Vienna, he planted his batteries, and in less than ten hours threw three thousand of these horrible projectiles into the city. Three hundred of these bomb-shells exploded every hour, five every minute, in the streets and dwellings of this crowded metropolis. Who can imagine the terrors of that dreadful night, when, amid the thunders of artillery, the cry and the uproar of contending armies, and conflagrations breaking out on every side, these terrible shells, like fiery



meteors with portentous glare, were streaking the air, and descending like hail-stones upon the doomed city? Crashing through the roofs of the dwellings, they exploded at the fire-side, in the very cradle of the infant, blowing their mangled limbs, with fragments of their demolished homes, far and wide into the air. In this way Napoleon conquered Vienna. In this way England conquered Canton. And in this demonic work thousands of our countrymen are now ready to engage for the acquisition of Texas and Oregon. The whole city of New York was thrown into excitement by the tale of the explosion of this one shell, and there is scarcely a newspaper in the land which did not record the dreadful story. And yet it is the business of war to cast these shells by thousands among the men and boys who crowd the ships of the navy and the merchant fleet, and among the aged men, the mothers, the maidens, and the children who throng the dwellings and the pavements of the city. O merciful God, save the nations from the horrors of war!—*Herald of Peace.*

### ON POISONS.

BY PROFESSOR DONOVAN, OF DUBLIN.

Of all known poisons, prussic acid proves the most suddenly mortal. A particle of it applied to the tongue of a vigorous dog, caused him to fall down dead, after two or three deep inspirations; and a single drop being injected into the jugular vein of another dog, he fell down dead, as if struck by lightning. M. Scheringer, of Vienna, having accidentally spilled a little on his arm, died in a few hours after the greatest agonies. Nay, smelling is said to have produced death, and even breathing air with its impregnated vapour occasions much inconvenience. It is also destructive to vegetables.

Prussic acid, in the state of concentration that manifests such a tremendous energy, is unmanageable as a medicine, perishable in constitution, and liable to continual and rapid variation of strength. To remedy these defects to a certain extent, dilution alone is sufficient, for in that state it suffers comparatively little alteration during a long time. Gradually, however, it loses its power, although sufficient remains unaltered to communicate its peculiar smell. I have seen in the laboratory of Trinity College, Dublin, medical prussic acid prepared seventeen years before, by Dr. Barker, which still retained its odour.

The prussic acid sold as medicinal, varies fearfully in strength, owing to original differences in the degree of solution, and other causes. It has been found in the

London shops to vary, in the quantity of anhydrous acid contained in it, from 1·4 per cent. to 5·8; and Dr. Fyfe found it to vary in Edinburgh from 1 to 4. There are many sources of uncertainty in the constitution of the medicinal acid. The rapidity of the distillation; the difference of temperature at which the condensation of the vapour has been effected; the length of the condensing tube; the dryness of the cyanide of mercury (F.D.), and the strength of the muriatic acid made use of to decompose it; the age of the acid produced; the care with which it has been preserved from light, air, and evaporation, are all causes which influence its strength.

The following are the opinions of two competent judges, MM. Robiquet and Villermé:—

"Its extreme volatility, and the great facility with which its elements separate, are causes which render its mode of action unequal and uncertain. Of the numerous processes which have been proposed for obtaining it, none of them obviate this inconvenience. It has been supposed that prussic acid, prepared by the decomposition of ferro-prussiate of potash by sulphuric acid, keeps longer than if it were prepared otherwise; but that difference holds good only with regard to a different degree of concentration. Whatever process is employed, prussic acid will always alter in the same manner when diluted with the same quantity of water, and that alteration will be rapid in proportion to the degree of concentration."

Induced by conviction of the little reliance that is to be placed on ordinary prussic acid, MM. Robiquet and Villermé sought a succedaneum possessing the virtues without the uncertainty of this medicine. Robiquet had ascertained that when ferro-cyanide of potassium is exposed to a long-continued high temperature, and two cyanides which constitute the salt are differently affected, after the water has been expelled—the cyanide of iron is completely decomposed, leaving a residuum of iron and carbon, while the cyanide of potassium is in no respect altered, except by the mechanical admixture of the residuum. The mass, when thrown into water, readily dissolves, with the exception of the iron and carbon, which subside, and the cyanide of potassium is resolved into hydrocyanate of potash.

It is known that prussic acid, when pure, has not the power of saturating alkalies. It may, in fact, be considered, in some degree, free in the solution of hydrocyanate of potash. The cyanide of potassium is then a substance capable of representing all the properties of prussic acid, without being, like it, subject to the great inconvenience of speedy decomposition. It may

be preserved indefinitely, provided it be protected from moisture and the contact of air.

MM. Robiquet and Villermé, observing on this cyanide, express themselves as follows:—

"We will add, that the result of our experiments is, that a solution of cyanide of potassium loses less quickly and less easily its disagreeable odour, and the property of acting on the nervous system, than prussic acid equally diluted with water. On this account, the difference between the two substances is very sensible. We know that potash retains and fixes prussic acid, but without saturating it.

"The action of cyanide of potassium was such, that with one-tenth of a grain of this salt, a linnet was killed in thirty seconds after the first symptoms of poisoning were manifested; and less than a grain destroyed a large Guinea-pig in two or three minutes.

"As to the hydrocyanate of potash, a small drop, containing no more than one-hundredth of a grain of the cyanide, caused a linnet to fall dead within half-a-minute. Six drops, containing only the twelfth part of a grain, killed a half-grown Guinea-pig within three hours; and a demi-gros, containing five grains of the salt, killed a robust pointer-dog in a quarter of an hour."

In conclusion, MM. Robiquet and Villermé observe, that we can instantly remove the minute quantity of potassium that exists in the cyanide, and convert its other element into prussic acid, by adding to the solution of the salt a few drops of any vegetable acid, or prescribing with it an acid syrup.

## The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

CHAPTER XL.—(continued.)

Rodin again began to pace up and down in deep thought, and for a few minutes, such was the tension of his mind, that the sweat stood in large drops on his brow; he hurried to and fro, stopped, stamped on the floor; now looking up to heaven for counsel, now scratching his head, while he uttered from time to time exclamations of hope or despair.

If the cause which agitated the mind of this monster had not been hateful, it

would have been a curious and interesting spectacle to have witnessed invisibly the throes of his powerful mind; to have traced on that changing countenance the progress of the project, on which he was concentrating all the resources, all the strength, of his powerful intellect. At length he appeared to have solved the difficulty, for he resumed,

"Yes, yes, it is hazardous, but it is prompt, and the consequences may prove incalculable. Who can foretell the effects of the explosion of a mine? Oh the passions! the passions! what magic chords, for he that knows how to touch them with a light and vigorous hand! how marvellous is the power of mind! After this, talk not of the wonders of the acorn which becomes an oak; centuries are required before it reaches maturity, while one word, a single germ, which fell a few minutes ago on my brain, is now as large as an oak. Yes, this one word was the germ of an idea which, like the oak, has a thousand subterraneous branches, and like it too lifts its head to heaven, for I am acting for the glory of the Lord, as it is believed, and as I shall maintain, if I succeed, and I shall, for those wretched Rennepons will soon have departed like shadows. And what after all does it signify in the moral code of which I shall be the founder, whether those people live or die? What would such lives have weighed in the grand balance of the world's destiny? While this heritage, that I, with a bold hand, am about to throw into the scale, will cause me to rise to an eminence which still overawes many kings and nations, whatever may be said to the contrary. Fools think to crush us by crying out, 'You shall rule over spiritual affairs, but we will manage temporal matters.' The venerable asses see not, that the mind rules over the body. They leave us spiritual matters, that is, the dominion of mind, heart, and conscience, the power of dispensing, in the name of heaven, pardon, reward, and punishment; and that too without control, in the shadow and privacy of the confessional, where the booby *Temporal* has no influence. Only, from time to time, he perceives, when it is too late, that the body is guided by the mind, and that both are consequently under our control. He stares with his mouth wide open, and says, 'Is it possible?'"

Here Rodin burst out into a wild, contemptuous laugh.

"Let me but have the good fortune of Sixtus V, and the world will see what spiritual power is in such hands as mine."

In uttering this, Rodin became hideous to look upon. All the sanguinary, sacrilegious, and execrable ambition displayed by some rather too celebrated popes,



seemed to flash in blood-red rays from the brow of this son of Loyola; he was covered with perspiration, and a kind of nauseous vapour spread itself around him.

Suddenly the noise of a post-chaise, which entered the court-yard, attracted Rodin's attention; regretting that he had allowed himself to become so excited, he took out his pocket-handkerchief and wiped his face, then approaching the window, he tried to see who it was, but could not.

"No matter," said he, gradually resuming his composure, "I shall know presently. I must first write to Jacques Dumoulin."

A servant now entered with a letter.

"What coach is this that has just arrived?" inquired Rodin.

"It has come from Rome, father," replied the servant.

"From Rome?" said Rodin, with evident uneasiness, "and who is in it?"

"One of the members of our holy Order, father."

"Where is this letter from?"

"From St. Herem, father."

Rodin, looking more attentively at the writing, recognised the hand of d'Aigrigny, who had been charged to attend M. Hardy in his dying moments.

The letter ran thus:—"I send off an express to acquaint your reverence with an incident which is, perhaps, more strange than important. The coffin containing the body of M. Hardy was placed in a cell under the chapel, to remain there until it could be taken to the cemetery of a neighbouring town. This morning, when our people went into the cellar to make the necessary preparations for the removal of the body, the coffin had disappeared."

"That is strange, indeed," said Rodin.

"All our inquiries to discover the authors of this sacrilegious act have been fruitless. Fortunately, his death has been duly registered; and, consequently, his donation to us is perfectly secure. I thought it was better, however, in any case to inform your reverence."

"D'Aigrigny is right," said Rodin, after a moment's reflection; "this is more strange than important." He then desired the servant to take the letter he had just written to Nini Moulin, and shortly after a reverend father entered, and said, "The reverend father Cabocchini has arrived from Rome, on a mission to your reverence."

Rodin's pulse bounded at this news; but he preserved his composure, and simply said, "Where is he?"

"In the adjoining apartment, father."

"Desire him to walk in."

A moment after, Cabocchini entered Rodin's apartment.

#### CHAPTER XL.—CABOCCHINI.

Cabocchini, the Roman Jesuit, who entered Rodin's apartment, was a little plump man, not more than thirty years old, whose belly swelled out his short, black cassock. The good little father was blind in one eye; but the other sparkled with vivacity. His ruddy, smiling countenance was splendidly surmounted with thick, chesnut-coloured hair, and his free and lively manners harmonised well with his physiognomy. Rodin, in a moment, had scanned the features of the Italian emissary, and as he well knew the customs of his Order, he experienced a sinister presentiment at sight of the kind little father, whose manners were so extremely courteous. He would have dreaded less one of his lank, bony associates, with austere and sepulchral visage; for he knew that the Society tried as much as possible to puzzle the inquisitive, by the physiognomy and general appearance of their agents. Now, if Rodin's apprehensions were correct, this emissary, judging by his frank appearance, must be charged with some fatal mission. Attentive and suspicious, with both eyes and mind on the watch, like an old wolf, expecting an attack, Rodin slowly approached the little man, in order that he might have time to penetrate under that jovial exterior; but the Italian did not give him an opportunity, for in his impetuous zeal, he rushed, almost as soon as he entered the door, toward Rodin, and embraced him with uncommon fervour, saluting him on both cheeks, so heartily, that the sound could be heard at the other end of the chamber. Never in his life had Rodin been so accosted before. More and more uneasy at the deceit which must be hidden under these warm embraces, the French Jesuit endeavoured to escape from the Italian Jesuit's exaggerated marks of affection; but the latter maintained his hold, for his arms, though short, were vigorous, and Rodin was embraced over and over again, until the little man, quite out of breath, was obliged to release him.

"Your servant, father; your servant," said Rodin; "there is no necessity for embracing so much."

But the good little father, without replying to this reproach, fixed his only eye on Rodin, with an expression of enthusiasm, and cried, "At last I behold this brilliant light of our holy Order, and can press him to my heart!"

As the good little father had by this time sufficiently taken breath, he was about to renew his embraces, when Rodin hastily stepped back, with his arms extended before him for protection, and said, alluding to the illogical comparison made use of by Cabocchini, "My good father, in the first place, no one presses a light to

his heart, and, in the next, I am not a light: I am a humble and obscure labourer in the vineyard of the Lord."

"You are right, father," replied the Italian; "we do not press a light to our hearts, but we prostrate ourselves before it, to admire its resplendent, its dazzling brightness." And he was about to suit the action to the word, when Rodin prevented him, by laying hold of his arm, saying, impatiently, "This is idolatry, father. Let us pass over my qualities, and come to the object of your journey. What is it?"

"The object, my dear father—the object fills me with joy, happiness, and love. This I have endeavoured to testify to you by the affection of my overflowing heart. The object, my dear father, transports and ravishes me—it —"

"But," cried Rodin, impatiently interrupting the Italian, "what is the object?"

"This rescript of his excellency the General will inform you, my dear father," replied Caboccini, presenting a letter to Rodin.

When Rodin had read the letter, he said, "The order of his excellency shall be obeyed."

"Then," cried Caboccini, with passionate admiration, "I shall be your shadow—your second self. I shall have the happiness of being with you day and night, as your secretary, for his excellency the General, after having, according to your desire, allowed you to be unattended for some time past, that you might be the better able to attend to the interests of our holy Society, has sent me from Rome to fill this office. This unexpected favour fills me with gratitude for our General, and love towards you, my dear and worthy father."

"It is well played," thought Rodin; "but I am not so easily caught. It is only in the kingdoms of the blind that the one-eyed become kings."

In the evening of the day on which this scene took place between the Jesuit and his new secretary, Nini Moulin, after having received his instructions from Rodin, in the presence of Caboccini, went to the house of Madame de la St. Colombe.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—MME. DE LA ST. COLOMBE.

Madame de la St. Colombe, who, at the commencement of this narrative, paid a visit to the Chateau de Cardoville, with the intention of purchasing it, had laid the foundation of her fortune by keeping a *magazin de modes*, about the time the Allies entered Paris. It would be rather difficult to say by what means she had amassed the large fortune on which the reverend

fathers, perfectly careless about the manner in which wealth had been accumulated, provided only they can lay their hands on it, had serious designs. Finding her of a rude, vulgar, and feeble mind, the reverend fathers did not blame too harshly the abominable life she had led; they even went so far as to soften down her *peccadillos*, for their morality is exceedingly pliant; but they declared, that in the same way that a calf, in the course of time, becomes a bull, so would her *peccadillos*, if she remained impenitent, increase until they reached the proportions of gigantic sins, and the devil would then come and seize her as his prey; but, that if she repented, and made a handsome donation to their Society, they would send Lucifer back to his furnace, and procure her an excellent place amongst the elect.

Nini Moulin also coveted this lady's fortune, and, in order to gain possession of it, was assiduously paying his addresses to her; but in his present interview with her, he set aside, for a while, his own interests, and thought only of executing the delicate mission intrusted to him by Rodin.

"She is, then, twenty years old," said Nini to Madame de la St. Colombe.

"Not more," replied she.

"Could the person in question be found between this and to-morrow?"

"The devil! Between this and to-morrow!" cried the lady. "I have heard nothing of her for upwards of a year. Stay! now I recollect—that Antonia, whom I met about a month ago, told me where she was."

"Could she, then, not be found in the way you first thought of?"

"These things are extremely difficult, when one is no longer accustomed to them."

"What! my dear friend—you who work so efficaciously for your salvation—do you hesitate to perform an exemplary action, which will snatch this young girl from the clutches of Satan?"

Here the parrot, Bernabé, articulated extremely well two fearful oaths.

Madame de la St. Colombe, quite shocked and indignant, exclaimed, "This—" here followed a string of words from the vocabulary of Bernabé—"will never mend: will you hold your tongue? It was only yesterday he made the Abbé Corbeut blush up to the ears."

"If you always reprove Bernabé with the same severity," said Nini, with imperturbable gravity, "you will, in the end, succeed in correcting him. But, to return to our subject, you promise to—"

"I not only promise, but I will go immediately in search of her."

"You will observe, my dear friend," said Nini, modestly, "that I have not said

a single word about my love this evening. Will you not reward my discretion?"

Madame de la St. Colombe had at this moment just taken off her turban: she turned round hastily, and placed it on Nini Moulin's bald pate, and then burst into a loud laugh.

On the following day, Rodin put into the post a letter, bearing the following address:—

"Monsieur Agricola Baudoin,  
"Rue Brise-Miche, No. 2,  
"Paris."

#### CHAP. XIV.—THE AMOURS OF FARINGHEA.

It will be remembered that Djalmá, when he first learned that he was beloved by Adrienne, said to Faringhea, whose treason he had detected,

"You are leagued with my enemies, and yet I have done you no harm. You are vicious, because you are no doubt unhappy; I wish to render you happy, in order that you may be virtuous; if you wish for gold, you shall have it; if you want a friend—you a slave, I the son of a king—I offer you my friendship."

Faringhea refused the gold, and appeared to accept the friendship of the son of Kadja Sing.

A few days after Adrienne's escape from the contagious influence of Djalmá's passion, on the day in fact following that on which Rodin posted the letter addressed to Agricola Baudoin, Faringhea appeared so overwhelmed with sorrow, that the Prince, struck with the despairing appearance of this man, asked him, several times, what was the cause of his sadness; but he, while gratefully thanking the Prince for his kindness, was quite reserved as to the cause of his sorrow. Having made this explanation, the reader will understand the following scene, which took place about mid-day in the little house occupied by the Indian in the rue Clichy.

Djalmá, contrary to his custom, had not visited Adrienne that morning, for she had told him she desired to be alone that day to make the necessary arrangements for their union. He was reclining on a divan. Suddenly Faringhea entered without knocking at the door. Djalmá looked up in surprise; but on seeing the pale and agitated countenance of the slave, he rose hastily, and said, "What ails you, Faringhea?"

The slave threw himself at the Prince's feet, saying in an accent of despair, "I am very unhappy; have pity on me, Monseigneur."

"Speak, speak; confidence eases the heart," said the Prince, affectionately. "An angel said to me a few days since, success-

ful love does not permit tears to be shed around it."

"But unsuccessful love—wretched, betrayed love, weeps tears of blood," said Faringhea.

"Whose love are you speaking of?"

"My own," replied Faringhea, with a sombre look.

"Yours!" exclaimed the Prince, with surprise.

"Monseigneur," resumed Faringhea, "I loved a beautiful young woman, and she returned my passion, at least I thought so, but I have been shamefully betrayed."

"But are you certain of this treason?" asked Djalmá.

"I am but too certain," replied Faringhea, with a mixture of rage and despair.

"Calm yourself, listen to the voice of friendship, and tell me what proofs you have of this treachery."

"She has made an appointment with the man she prefers to me."

"Who told you so?"

"A stranger, who offered to take me to witness this interview."

"And what did you say to him?"

"Nothing, monseigneur; my mind was confused. I thought of asking your advice." Then bursting into a savage laugh, he added: "But it is of the blade of my *kandjar* I must ask counsel."

"I have offered you my friendship, and I will act to you as a friend," said Djalmá, but Faringhea did not appear to hear him.

"Faringhea, listen to me," said the Prince. "In the state of anguish you are in, it is not of *kandjar* you must ask counsel, but of your friend. You must go to the place of rendezvous, where the innocence or the guilt of she whom you love is to be proved."

"Yes, yes, I will go," replied Faringhea, with a sinister smile.

"But not alone," said the Prince. "I will accompany you; perhaps I may prevent you from committing a crime."

When night came, Djalmá and Faringhea, enveloped in their mantles, proceeded to the house of Madame de la St. Colombe.

#### CHAPTER XV.—AN EVENING AT THE HOUSE OF MADAME DE LA ST. COLUMBE.

Before describing the following scene, we must inform the reader that Rodin had, through the agency of Nini Moulin, hired for this day the apartments of Madame de la St. Colombe, who had taken her servants on a day's pleasure into the country, under pretence of rewarding them for their good behaviour.

As Djalmá and Faringhea were proceeding to the house of Madame de la St. Colombe, Faringhea said, "Monseigneur,

I must, however, be avenged if I am betrayed."

"Contempt is dreadful vengeance," replied the Prince.

"No, no; I must have blood."

"Listen! I will not leave you; I will do all I can to prevent you from committing a crime. If I do not succeed—if you hearken not to my voice—then the blood which you shed will fall on your own head; never more shall your hand touch mine."

These words appeared to make a profound impression on Faringhea: he heaved a deep sigh; and then, presenting his *kandjar* to Djalma, said, "This dagger, managed with a firm hand, is terrible, and in this flask is enclosed a subtle poison of our own clime."

Here Faringhea showed the Prince a small phial, concealed in the hilt of the *kandjar*.

"Two or three drops of this poison on the lips," resumed he, "and in a few hours death comes slowly and calmly, without pain; but whoever should empty the bottle at a draught, would die instantly."

"Yes," replied Djalma, "I know there are such poisons in our clime; but why dwell on the fatal properties of this weapon now?"

"To show, monseigneur, that this *kandjar* assures me of vengeance with impunity: with the dagger I kill, and with the poison I escape from human justice by a sudden death; and yet, monseigneur, I give up the weapon, rather than render myself unworthy of your friendship."

Djalma gladly took the weapon, and fastened it to his belt.

Faringhea continued—"Keep this *kandjar*, monseigneur, till we have witnessed what we are going to see; and then you will either return it to me that I may strike a traitress, or give me the poison, that I may die unavenged."

The two Indians had now reached the dwelling of Madame de la St. Colombe. They entered; the door was closed after them; and they found themselves in a narrow corridor, in the midst of profound darkness.

"Your hand, monseigneur; let me guide you. Now, monseigneur, the decisive moment draws near. Wait here a few minutes."

The darkness was so complete, that Djalma could not distinguish a single object. Presently he heard Faringhea open a door, and then hastily shut it and lock it after him. This sudden disappearance began to render the Prince uneasy. A few minutes after, he heard the voice of Faringhea say, "Monseigneur, you said to me, be my friend; and I am acting like a friend. I have employed stratagem to

bring you here; for the blindness of your passion would have prevented you from following me. The Princess de St. Didier spoke to you of Agrioola Baudoin, the lover of Adrienne de Cardoville. Look! listen! and judge for yourself."

Djalma, still plunged in darkness, now recognised, when it was too late, that he had fallen into a snare.

"Faringhea," cried he, trembling with rage, "open the door: I wish to leave this instantly."

But he received no answer. Without reigned the most profound silence; within, total darkness. Presently a soft, subtle, and perfumed vapour stole gradually into the little room in which Djalma was confined; but he, in his wrath, did not heed it: soon, however, he felt his temples beat more rapidly—a burning heat circulated through his veins, and he felt a delicious sensation impossible to describe. The violent resentment which agitated him seemed gradually to subside into a pleasing torpor, almost without his being conscious of the change that had come over him. Then a strange scene presented itself. In the adjoining room, a faint light became visible, through a small aperture in the partition which divided the two apartments; and a moment after, the Prince saw a woman enter, carefully enveloped in a long mantle, the sight of which caused him to start with surprise. The delicious feeling he at first experienced, was succeeded by a feverish agitation, like that caused by the increasing fumes of intoxication; and his ears were filled with that strange buzzing noise, which a person hears who has his head under water. Being now completely under the influence of the odour which disturbed his reason, and having entirely forgotten Faringhea and the circumstances which had conducted him hither, he concentrated all the force of his attention on the spectacle which now presented itself to his sight. Suddenly the woman threw off her mantle—the Prince stood as if thunderstruck—Adrienne de Cardoville was standing there! Yes, as near as Djalma could judge, by the faint light which illuminated the apartment, it was the nymph-like form of Adrienne—her shoulders of alabaster, her swan-like neck, so proud and graceful. Burning drops of perspiration ran down his face—his feverish excitement increased—his eyes became inflamed—his chest heaved—and he gazed on the woman with a sort of wild stupor. For a moment, she disappeared, and he heard a voice say, "She is waiting for Agrioola Baudoin, her lover."

These terrible words passed through his heart and brain, like a flash of lightning, and a mist of blood floated before his

eyes. The same moment in and he entered do "It is the same force. Goodness, the Faringhea saw the "Wh "I, A mainly The had Ag than D with th girl de cole, so A moment and Fa arm, sa is certa fed, su Faring

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eyes. The young girl returned, and, at the same moment, the door of the apartment in which Djalma was in, was opened, and he heard some one knock twice at an outer door.

"It is Agricola Baudoin—listen!" said the same voice which Djalma had heard before.

Goaded and excited into a state of madness, the Prince drew out the dagger which Faringhea had given him; presently he saw the young girl go to answer the door.

"Who is there?" said she.

"I, Agricola Baudoin," replied a strong, manly voice.

The girl opened the door, and no sooner had Agricola stepped over the threshold, than Djalma, bounding like a tiger, struck, with the rapidity of thought, the young girl dead at his feet; and wounded Agricola, so that he fell beside her lifeless body. A moment after the light was extinguished, and Faringhea, grasping the Prince by the arm, said, "You are avenged: come, escape is certain." And Djalma, inert and stupefied, suffered himself to be led away by Faringhea.

(To be continued.)

#### A BOHEMIAN CUSTOM ILLUSTRATED.

In a village of German Bohemia, the body is laid out on the bed. By its side stands a burning lamp and a cup of holy water. The neighbours come in softly, one after another, step slowly up to the bed, and kneel down. They then dip a little bunch of six ears of corn, bound together, into the holy water, sprinkle the winding-sheet, and having turned it down to take one more look at the face of the departed, they stand a few minutes in melancholy contemplation, and then retire.

A soldier resteth from his toil,  
By death, the plunderer, stript of spoil!  
Did he wield the flashing brand,  
For the hearth of father-land?  
When the reddening flame went down;  
Where the hot smoke swept the town;  
Where the scared child hid his eyes  
From the flame-vapour in the skies?

It is well! earth's battles won,  
He the perilous race hath run.  
Wave the wheat-sheaf o'er his bed,—  
Type of the living and the dead!  
Fire-companions of the spear,  
Read the warrior's history here:  
Now, where tower'd the chieftain's crest,  
The white sheet rustles on his breast!

Perchance the gentle pastor he,  
Whom village-patriarchs come to see;  
And childhood's wondering face incline,  
Clasping its little hands behind.  
To him each rustic threshold dear,  
The proud to check, the sad to cheer,  
No human flower by Sorrow's rain  
Beat down, but he would raise again!

Calm he sleeps—no busy camp  
So well becomes that burning lamp;  
Emblem of his soul's clear ray,  
Glimmering, blazing into day!  
High that wheaten cluster wave,  
Type of victory o'er the grave!  
Merchant! who the pearl has found;  
Householder! how green thy ground!  
Faithful servant! called to rest;  
Disciple! by thy Master blest!

A scholar slumbers: wind and rain  
Have rent his singing robes in twain,  
Lord of the golden bow and quiver,  
Roaming by Fancy's crystal river!  
Magician! throned in palace bright,  
Working thy miracles of light!  
No more Wit's battles shall be fought  
With thine arrowy flight of thought.

It is well! draw nigh—draw nigh—  
Wave the wheaten cluster high!  
Soon the summons shall be spoken,  
And the spell, Enchanter! broken,  
Soon thy visions of rich dreams  
Shall scatter more resplendent gleams,  
And streams of sweeter music roll  
From the pure palace of thy soul!

Perchance a wife—a mother there,  
Bids good-by to home of care!  
Still the light of fading bloom  
Streams through the angel's shading plume,  
As though his stooping life had cast  
Mist on the mirror as he pass'd!

An infant sleeps! no angry storm  
Comes that lily to deform!  
But a freshening summer breath  
Closed the fragrant leaves in death.  
Cold her mother's arms to-night;  
Unruffled her small pillow white;  
No chequering taper spots the floor,—  
Hark! they linger at the door!

Lo! they enter; father—mother—  
Weeping sister—thoughtful brother;  
To the slumberer's couch they creep,  
Wave the wheat-sheaf o'er her sleep!  
Lily! that never toil'd nor spun,  
Gone to bloom in tenderer sun;  
By purpureal blossoms crown'd,  
Water'd with dew on Eden-ground!

#### THE SACRIFICE OF PRINCIPLE.

Horace Walpole, in his "Memoirs of George III.," tells of Mr. Yorke, that he reluctantly accepted office under circumstances which led to a mournful catastrophe:—

"He had been with the king over night (without the knowledge of the Duke of Grafton), and had again declined; but being pressed to reconsider, and returning in the morning, the king had so overwhelmed him with flatteries, entreaties, prayers, and at last with commands, and threats of never giving him the post if not accepted now, that the poor man sunk under the importunity, though he had given a solemn promise to his brother, Lord Hardwicke, and Lord Rockingham, that he would not yield. He betrayed, however, none of the rapaciousness of the times, nor exacted but one condition, the grant of which fixed his irresolution. The Chancellor must, of necessity, be a peer,

or cannot sit in the House of Lords. The coronet was announced to Yorke; but he slighted it as of no consequence to his elder son, who would, probably, succeed his uncle, Lord Hardwicke, the latter having been long married, and having only two daughters. But Mr. Yorke himself had a second wife, a very beautiful woman, and by her had another son. She, it is supposed, urged him to accept the Chancery, as the king offered, or consented, that the new peerage should descend to her son, and not to the eldest. The rest of his story was indeed melancholy, and his fate so rapid as to intercept the completion of his elevation. He kissed the king's hand on the Thursday; and from court drove to his brother, Lord Hardwicke's—the precise steps of the tragedy have never been ascertained. Lord Rockingham was with the Earl. By some it was affirmed, that both the Marquess and the Earl received the unhappy renegade with bitter reproaches. Others, whom I rather believe, maintained that the Marquess left the house directly, and that Lord Hardwicke refused to hear his brother's excuses, and, retiring from the room, shut himself into another chamber, obdurately denying Mr. Yorke an audience. At night, it was whispered, that the agitation of his mind, working on a most sanguine habit of body, inflamed of late by excessive indulgence both in meats and wine, had occasioned the bursting of a blood vessel; and the attendance of surgeons was accounted for, by the necessity of bleeding him four times on Friday. Certain it is that he expired on the Saturday between four and six in the evening. His servants, in the first confusion, had dropped too much to leave it in the family's power to stifle the truth; and though they endeavoured to cover over the catastrophe by declaring the accident natural, the want of evidence and of the testimony of surgeons to colour the tale given out, and which they never took any public method of authenticating, convinced everybody that he had fallen by his own hand—whether on his sword, or by a razor, was uncertain.

"Very few days after the accident, Mr. Edmund Burke came to me in extreme perturbation, and complained bitterly of the king, who, he said, had forced Mr. Yorke to disgrace himself. Lord Rockingham, he told me, was yet more affected at Mr. Yorke's misfortune, and would, as soon as he could see Lord Hardwicke, make an account public,

in which the king's unjustifiable behaviour should be exposed. I concluded from his agitation that they wanted to disculpate Lord Hardwicke and Lord Rockingham of having given occasion to Mr. Yorke's despair. They found it prudent, however, to say no more on the subject. An astonishing and indecent circumstance that followed not very long after that tragedy was, that Lord Hardwicke, whose reproaches had occasioned his brother's death, attached himself to the court, against Lord Rockingham, and obtained bishopricks for another of his brothers!"

### Rebus.

*The Nursery Rhymes of England, collected chiefly from oral tradition. By J. O. Halliwell, Esq. Smith, Soho.*

Never, we may venture to say, have the *nania puerorum* been so honoured as they are in this publication. A great deal of labour has been expended on them by Mr. Halliwell, to trace the origin of some, and to explain the meaning of others. If his efforts have not always been successful, they frequently bring before us matter curious in itself; and sometimes his conjectures are amusing, even where we deem them anything but conclusive. Much historical and literary research has been bestowed on this little volume, and its illustrations are of a superior order. We give a specimen in a cut which heads the remarkable ballad opening with

"Sing a song of sixpence,  
A bag full of rye;  
Four and twenty blackbirds  
Baked in a pie."

The antiquity of the song seems established by Mr. Halliwell's reference to Beaumont and Fletcher. The passage from Shakspeare hardly bears out his view of the subject. He says:—





"The first line of this nursery rhyme is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Bonduca,' act v. sc. 2. It is probable also that Sir Toby alludes to this song in 'Twelfth Night,' act ii. sc. 3, when he says, 'Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.' In 'Epulario, or the Italian banquet,' 1589, is a receipt 'to make pies so that the birds may be alive in them, and flie out when it is cut up,' a mere device, live birds being introduced after the pie is made. This may be the original subject of the following song."

The representation of St. Dunstan's affair with the devil, as described in the well known stanza, is a very spirited affair. We know not which is more whimsically conceived, the saint or the devil.

Many of the designs are very clever. They are not, however, given to the poems which have most pith and humour. Several of the illustrated are so trifling, that the editor might have been forgiven had he omitted them altogether; but there are some which, from their merit, as well as their age, deserve to be preserved. Tom, the Piper's son, is not a very striking affair. It appears to have been made up of parts of old songs, and serves to introduce the subjoined figures.

"As Dolly was milking her cow one day,  
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;  
So Dolly and the cow danced 'the Cheese round,'  
Till the pail was broke and the milk ran on the ground."

To some of the most trifling ditties, Mr. Halliwell attaches importance, and exerts considerable ingenuity to prove that beneath the playful words, a latent, a solemn, nay, a sacred mystery may be discovered. It is thus with the kid, which is called an "accumulative story," being told after the fashion of "The House that Jack built." We quote the grand summing up, with the editor's interpretation.

"Then came the Holy One, blessed be He!  
And killed the angel of death,  
That killed the butcher,  
That slew the ox,  
That drank the water,  
That quenched the fire,  
That burned the staff,  
That beat the dog,  
That bit the cat,  
That ate the kid,  
That my father bought  
For two pieces of money:  
A kid, a kid."



"1. The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father, by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt. 2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity. 3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians. 4. The staff signifies the Persians. 5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great. 6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominions the Jews were



subjected. 7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate. 8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens. 9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject. 10. The commencement of

the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah."

### The Gatherer.

**Müllner.**—This German dramatist was renowned for outwitting those who, it has been said, drink their wine out of the skulls of authors—the booksellers. All of them quarrelled with him; but when the matter came into court, it was always found that Müllner had taken care that the contracts should be so framed that the unfortunate bibliopoles had no chance whatever. They used to say of him, when they spoke of him to their friends, "Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto."

**Roman Colonization.**—When a town, such as Eidenæ or Antium, was conquered, and the Romans wished to keep it in obedience, and at the same time provide for a portion of their own citizens, they passed a decree for leading thither a colony. A third part of their lands was taken from the old inhabitants and given to the colonists, who were to form the *populus* of the place, and who had therefore a third, or more probably, the whole of the public land. The government was altogether in the hands of the colonists; they formed the senate, and exercised all public offices; they were to the original inhabitants what the patricians were to the plebeians at Rome.

**Climate of Spain.**—A freedom from rain and dampness, and a cloudless transparent sky, are advantages which may generally be counted on. But this dryness sometimes becomes excessive, and degenerates into a scorching drought, by which the rivers are entirely dried up, vegetation is utterly destroyed, and men and animals die miserably of thirst. The annals of Spain record numerous instances of such droughts, with the fatal effects of which they were productive both on vegetable and animal life. In that elevated basin in which the capital is situated, the heats of summer are in fact always so great, that, according to the Spanish saying, Madrid has nine months of winter and three of hell (*nueve meses d'invierno y tres d'infierno*).

**Statue of Wellington.**—On Saturday the front legs of the horse on which the statue of the duke of Wellington is to sit, on the arch of the gate opposite Apsley House, were cast by Mr. Matthew Coles Wyatt. A small party of ladies and gentlemen attended to witness the operation. The mol-

ten metal was released from its furnace by forcing the plug inwards, at half-past three o'clock. \*A stream of liquid fire immediately burst forth into a canal which had been prepared to carry it into the mould which was under ground. A green smoke played over the red lava, as it issued from the surface, and in about a quarter of an hour the work was completed without accident. It will require a month to cool the metal. The statue is expected to be in its place on the next Waterloo anniversary.

**Class Legislation.**—One of the recent bankrupt or insolvency acts allows the plebeian to avail himself of it, if he is indebted not exceeding the sum of £300. For the magnates, they must get into debt over £300, or they cannot be absolved from their debts under the act. This £300 clause marks the line between the traders and gentry, or the maximum of disgrace in the plebeian and the minimum in the magnate.

**A Noble Father and a Worthy Son.**—"Jack," said Lord B. to his son-in-law, "you are the greatest fool in England." "That may be," replied the junior, "but you do not hear it said that I am the ugliest man in Europe."

**The Atmospheric Principle.**—A series of private experiments on the London and Croydon atmospheric line have been attended with the most perfect success. The question as to the power of ascending inclines was completely set at rest on an incline of 1 in 50; and the five miles' length of tube was exhausted to its whole extent.

**A Tree within a Tree!**—A remarkable curiosity in natural history is in the possession of Mr. J. Davie, joiner, of Wooler. It consists of an elm tree, to which, after it was felled, he observed a circular opening round its centre. A foot and a half having been cut off the thick end, the middle piece, or inner tree, slid out!—There was found to be, in fact, a tree within a tree. The diameter of the outer trunk is about fifteen inches, and of the inner one a little more than a third of that length.—The wood of both trees is perfectly solid and well formed. The inner one, however, has no rind, save a thin dark film. The whole length of the tree is about twenty feet. It is stated that there is a similar freak of nature in the shape of a double tree of this kind, to be seen in Kirkcubright Museum.

**Curious Notice.**—On the door of a parish church, not a hundred miles from Fonthill Hill, was recently affixed the following notice:—"The churchwardens will hold their quarterly meetings every six weeks, instead of half-yearly as formerly."

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